WEEKLY VISITOR;

OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.

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THE POLISH CHIEFTAIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF THE AUTHOR OF "*ABALLINO.*"

(Continued.)

BERODSKO here gave a shudder, and Seraphia continued—"O prince, *it it only for the guilty to tremble!*—Let not your pity for a father's fate distress your filial nature; but hear the rest with firmness.—Scarcely was I relieved from insult and death—Scarcely had they proceeded a few yards, when the moon suddenly shone in all its lustre through the broken aperture of a friendly cloud, and I saw the outlines of two figures, whose forms and gait are indeliably impressed on my memory:—and, oh, great prince, if I have assimilated them to yourself and Barbaro, think that in this, heaven has only furnished some mark by which the assassins might be traced!—But now, a more horrid thought rushed into my mind. Lianskoi had perhaps been their victim—they had met with, and assassinated him. I now re-crossed the path, gained the road, and heard the voice of my servant, who had traversed every spot from the dell to the wood, loudly exclaiming my name. At length, in a state of distraction and apprehension, I reached Malcar's castle, sorrowing till this night for the fate of Woronof, and the absence of Lianskoi.

"And to whom have you told this story?" demanded Berodsko eagerly. "To no one!' replied Seraphia:—Fearful that my imprudence might displease my father, I have smothered the tale within my bosom; and a more powerful motive than that even has operated to my silence.—Might not the tongue of slander have implicated Lianskoi in the King's fate, as he was absent at the awful time when he was seen to quit the camp?"

"Deep and awfully is he implicated!" said the tyrant, reviving from the trepidation which had hitherto marked his manner. "There are potent evidences of his criminality. Remember, his figure is not unlike mine, and this is at least one of those clues which you just said heaven has indulged you with, to aid me in detecting the assassin!'

"What evidence is there?" exclaimed Seraphia, in a frantic tone. "Who dares couple his name with baseness? dare *you* accuse him?"

"Far be it from me," replied Berodsko, "to accuse him if he were guilty!—but his safety will depend much upon your conduct. It is only because he was not present, that the Grand Council have not agitated any inquiries into his conduct. To avoid this, I placed him in the castle of Glutz, till the dreadful business were hushed; but his imprudent appearance this evening, with some private information received from indisputable authority, will, if he do not prevent the consequence by secretly witdrawing, compel me to listen to the public demand of justice!"

"Be it so!" exclaimed Seraphia, criminate him, and then are all men alike, indifferent to me!—Oh, how tenderly did you imprison him from love! But if safety depend on my conduct, let that conduct be free; let me again embrace my father, and clasp to my bosom the dear youth whose innocence is far whiter than my robe!"

She said, and rose to depart; Berodsko rose also, and said, "I will conduct you to your father—but not to my rival.'

He then took her hand and led her through several apartments, on the opposite side to those she had entered: they then descended a staircase, till they came to a gallery, in the farther corner of which, they arrived at a dark room, that seemed to have been the hall of some ancient warrior. Its furniture was rude and massy—coats of mail and antique armour hung around it, and the niches were decorated with the statues of deceased heroes of kings—that alone of Woronof was vacant. A crucifix stood on a round oaken table, on which, Berodsko deposited the glimmering lamp he had brought.

Seraphia looked round the gloomy back-ground of the apartment, and trembled.—All was stillness, and as silent as if she were cut off from all human society. With a voice of terror, she now demanded whither he had conducted her, and if this subteranean apartment could lead to the anti-chamber where her father was. "No," replied Berodsko, "this is

your destination till you consent to listen to the love of him who has never bowed the knee to any one!—I love you with an ardency surpassing expression:—see me entreat (and he knelt at her feet)—hear me sue to the daughter of Malcar: share the throne, as you already share the heart of Berodsko!"—

"Inhuman and unprincipled man!" exclaimed Seraphia, spurning him disdainfully,' am I to be your prisoner till you have forced my consent?—But deprive me of liberty, know, tyrant, that my will is beyond your power! and reflect that heaven's vengeance shall follow you even into this impervious chamber.'

"Rash maid!" said Berodsko, 'you will drive me to desperation!—Sooner than my brother shall be master of your hand, one or the other of us must fall! your father cannot rescue you—and your Lianskoi I have devoted to another. Think then on the fatal consequences—think, ere it be too late, what it is to contemn the passion of a Prince whose power is inferior to nothing but his love!'—

"Be it so!" retorted Seraphia. 'Let them perish, rather than Seraphia shall commit an act unworthy of their illustrious names! But, ere I reject the suit of Berodsko, listen with awe to the only condition on which I will ever become his.' Then kneeling before the crucifix, and pressing it to her bosom, she ejaculated: 'I vow Heaven and my holy Saviour, never to listen to thy love, till the assassin of Woronof is detected and punished!'

Berodsko started; but recovering himself, "Behold," said he, 'you have pronounced the sentence of Lianskoi!—the decree has passed your lips! In pity I sent him away, to prevent the fatal inquiry which now must take place, and which his rashness, and your vow will now provoke!'

"Monster!" exclaimed Seraphia, 'you only increase my hatred by calumniating him.—What motive could he have for such an atrocious deed? Did his subsequent conduct evince that he aimed to step into his father's throne?

"Ah! said you that?" exclaimed Berodsko—"but I forgive you, for you are lovely, even more lovely, in this excess of rage, than in your serener moments. I shall now leave you to meditate upon what I have said, with this assurance, that either Berodsko must be happy, or Seraphia miserable!"

In this situation he left the wretched Seraphia, separated from her father and her lover, and equally with them a victim at his lawless mercy. In the mean time, from the lateness of the evening, and a message, Barbaro had signified to the noble company, that the king was indisposed, the saloon was nearly cleared, by the time that Malcar had resolved, on finding that he was not summoned to attend his daughter, to brave every danger, and effect his liberty by decending the tree which bent with the breeze against his window.——Arrived safe at bottom, he flew to his attendants, and a few other trusty persons, on whose courage and fidelity he could rely: he told them his suspiscions. Lianskoi was almost frantic.—They immediately secured the outer-door, and penetrated instantly to the guard which kept watch at the door of the private apartments. Berodsko had ordered that no one should be admitted, and hence the struggle became furious and bloody.

The centinels were slain; and Malcar, sword in hand, rushed down the stairs which led to the more remote chambers of the palace, dispersing his adherents up and down, to search for his lost daughter; while Lianskoi took charge that no one descended.

As Malcar approached an angle of the passage, he saw for a moment the glimpse of light, and heard a footstep advance and fly immediately back; after which, a massy door was shut forcibly to.—The person had disappeared before Malcar could come up; but the sound of her beloved father's voice was recognized by Seraphia, who, with a shriek, called upon him for liberation and succour.—Vain was their personal strength to force the ponderous barrier; the sound of Seraphia's voice now died away upon Malcar's ear, as the Baron, seizing her form in one arm, bore her to a distant side of the chamber, in which was a pedestal, supporting a motionless figure; behind this, was a concealed outlet, through which Berodsko, as he held the light, endeavoured to force his victim.

In a frenzy of despair, Seraphia seized the diamond-hilted sabre that hung at Berodsko's side, and thrust the point at his heart!—Behold! it entered not the bosom of the tyrant, but excited on his iron countenance only a ghastly smile. The blade was partly broken off; and, the ineffective weapon still remaining in her grasp, he deposited the light on the floor, to have his other hand more at liberty to repel her struggles. Having forced her through the aperture, he returned for the lamp; but now his own security was become necessary; for by this time the door had been forced by beating away the side stones which supported it. The father and daughter were in a moment locked in each other's arms, which was only interrupted to give way to a similar ebullition of joy at the sight of Lianskoi.

"Blessed be Heaven!" exclaimed Lianskoi—'you are safe. But whence is this broken sword I see in your hand?" Seraphia informed him that she had taken it from the scabbard of Berodsko, to defend herself, but that its broken point had rendered her intention abortive.

As he surveyed attentively the upper part of the sabre in the hand of Seraphia, he suddenly drew from his pocket a fragment which fitted to the fractured blade with an exactness that plainly demonstrated it had formerly been but one piece.

Lianskoi shrunk, as if from the conviction that assailed his mind.—'Almighty powers!' he cried, 'then is my suspicion just,—O Seraphia, let us fly far from these detested walls! Scenes of horror open themselves upon me: O Malcar, I will unfold all: but death awaits us here; if we hesitate, we are lost!'

They hurried back through the desolate and damp passages, when the shouts of an armed troop of soldiers, calling out 'Treason! Treason!' and headed by Barbaro, announced that their retreat was cut off.—To oppose a force so much superior, was vain: they were taken prisoners; and Barbaro having secured his enemies, seized Seraphia, whom he conducted back to the same chamber she had quitted.

(To be continued.)

Copiousness and simplicity, variety and unity, constitute real greatness of character.

SELECTIONS

AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FEMALE DRESS.

THE ends of dress, says a modern writer, are comfort and decency. When these are sacrificed to ornament, we prove the corruption of our taste. Dress, like the countenance, is an expression of the soul. Simplicity of dress bespeaks simplicity of character. Chaste ornaments mark the delicacy and purity of the mind.

The present age has improved in many respects on the customs of our fathers. We have shaken off many of the shackles of fashion. But while we assert the liberty of dress, let us beware, lest we become advocates of licentiousness. Have we not reason to lament, that while we have dropped the stiffness and precision of our ancestors, we have thrown off much of their decency? It is time to mourn when men are called to blush for women, who forget to blush for themselves. We pretend that we have escaped the infection of French principles; but we are deceived. We have imported the worst of French corruptions, the want of female delicacy. The fair and the innocent have borrowed from the lewd, the arts of seduction. They have exposed the chaste bosom to the gaze of wantonness, and have spread snares in the steps of unwary youth.

We naturally look to the female sex as the guardians of purity. We look to women, to chasten our minds, to polish our roughness, to mould us into delicacy. They have an interest in supporting the awful majesty of virtue, in repressing the licentiousness of thought, as well as of action. They are by nature weak and defenceless. They are strong only in their modest charms, and chaste deportment. They have a common cause to maintain; and on purity of manners, all their influence is founded. I repeat it, women have no shield but unsullied purity. If they wish to maintain their ground, they must take the whole armour of spotless innocence, and undesigned modesty.

A woman who seeks to influence the passions, is lost to the delicacy of her nature. She has stripped herself of the rights and glory of her sex. What then must we say of some, whom we daily observe, whose dress is studiously designed to display the female form? Why do they tear off the veil of modesty?—Why solicit our gaze? I will not charge them with the bear design of kindling a lawless flame. They will shudder at the suggestion. But I warn them of the necessary consequence of the prevaling modes of dress. I admonish them not to trust to the purity of men. I assure them that on the female sex the hopes of the virtuous, and the beauty and dignity of society depend.

It has been asserted by some philosophers, that the sentiments of delicacy are factitious, that nature needs no disguise, that we have only to bring up our children without raiment and they will never blush at nakedness. All this may be true; but with us who have associated purity of character with the decencies of dress, such reasoning is unavailing. It would be dangerous for women to make the experiment. There is a charm thrown round a modest female, let her not dissolve it. There is a sentiment of tender respect, with which we view her. It is a sentiment too refined and delicate for the analyzing power of philosophy. But on this subtle sentiment, the happiness of the sex is suspended.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

A WISH.

May I, O heaven, thy greatest gifts enjoy,
Those pleasures feel alone that cannot cloy.
O give me health, to which all pleasures owe
Their full enjoyment in this vale below;
Riches I ask not, wealth nor grandeur wish,
My only pray'r is (and oh, grant me this)
That I may live from men's oppression free,
Know no dependence, only LORD, on thee.
No anxious care what 'morrow may produce,
But competence enjoy with lib'ral use.
To make my bliss complete, (it bliss can be
Complete below in frail mortality,)
A partner sensible of what she ought,
By reason govern'd, by religion taught.
Whose only study happiness will be,
Who'll think it part her bliss the pleasing me.
'Tis comprehended all things else beside,
Uninterrupting, may unheeded slide;
While we, content, our happy lot enjoy,
Beneath thy guardian care fear no alloy;
And as the days, months, years, alternate move,
Know nought to interrupt our mutual love.
Each morn thy praises for thy blessings given,
From us united, shall ascend to heaven;
Nor shall the noon or evening fail to bear
The grateful offering of our hearts sincere.
Till thou thy message death shall timely send,
And waft our happy souls to joys that never end.

T. C.

BOLINGBROKE.

THE manners of Bolingbroke were so fascinating, and his talents so splendid, as justly to point him out as the most accomplished man of the age in which he lived; but his principles appear to have been so profligate, as to fit him for any faction, and for any measures. To him we fear, may be justly applied those memorable words designed to describe a great statesman, "he had a heart to conceive, a head to plan, and a hand to execute, any mischief." At once the advocate of a pure theism, and the friend of a popish succession; the asserter of the rights of the people, and the supporter of divine and hereditary claims; the preacher of patriotism, and the high priest of intrigue and corruption; the analyzer of morals, and the slave of duplicity and passion; the stately philosopher, turning his eyes with disdain from the glitter of life, and the worshipper of wealth, title, and power; this man, like the lightning of Heaven, is seen with a mixture of admiration and dread.

KING ANTIGONUS

Came to visit Antagoras, a learned man, whom he found in his tent, busied in the cooking of congers [eels.] 'Do you think,' said Antigonus, 'that Homer, when he wrote the glorious actions of Aagamemnon, was *boiling congers?*'—'And do *you* think,' sarcastically replied the scholar, 'that Agamemnon, when he *did those actions*, concerned himself whether any man in his camp, boiled congers or not?.'

FRIENDSHIP.

HOW I love to indulge the thought of indissoluble sympathy!—And why should there not be an intimate connection between men of sensations? I will allow there is no relation between inactive and mute matter; but that hearts, formed for each other, should not fly to meet; that they should not guess, that they should not recognize one another, cannot be adopted by any one who has felt the attractive and repelling force of love and aversion.

Friendship, like love, owes all its energy to strength of mind; such a sacrifice that such a one cannot conceive, is executed freely, and with rapture by another.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

HOW truly unfortunate is the situation of that individual who finds himself oppressed with the weight of three-score years, without peace of mind, or the worldly means necessary to render age comfortable. That our peregrination here is attended with various ills, and frequently with evils so distressing in their consequences, as to require the utmost fortitude to bear up against them, is a truth to which numbers can bear witness. I was led into this train of thinking as I was yesterday sauntering on the *Battery*, by observing an old man, who appeared to possess scarcely strength sufficient slowly to pace its winding walks. I asked him if he was in ill health. He raised his countenance to answer me, it was touched with melancholy, blended with resignation. He said that his life had been marked with misfortunes, that it had pleased divine providence to take from him the wife of his bosom, a few years after they were united. That the care of three children and his worldly concerns, engaged his attention for a series of years. Here a sigh escaped his bosom; it was occasioned by the recollection that one of his beloved children had fallen a prey to the machinations of a man who had professed, for the parent and his child, sentiments of esteem and love. 'She is gone,' said the old man, 'a sense of her situation, has driven her from me; would I could find her, I would clasp her to my heart, and freely forgive her errors. But she is gone,' said the old man. The agitation of his mind almost choaked his utterance—The big tear of sorrow rolled down his furrowed cheek.—With a heavy sigh, he bade me good morning; and, with slow and measured steps, he advanced toward the city.

PHILO.

To the Editor of the Weekly Visitor.

. . . .

Sir,

As your paper appears to claim the attention of the ladies, and is generally esteemed for its contents, I think you should be exceedingly circumspect, and not permit remarks to appear in it, that subject the sex to animadversion, when, in truth, there ought none to be exercised. I particularly refer to the trifling observations of a A DRY GOOD SHOP-KEEPER, which were published in the fortieth number of your work.—The commentitious remarks alluded to, have tended only to excite the ridicule of many,—and the merchant has wondered that such a statement ever found its way from behind a counter, or a place in the 'Weekly Visitor.' I do not, Mr. Editor, mean to blame you too harshly, but I wish you to be more cautious in future, and strictly examine the communications you may receive, interesting to the fair. Should you hereafter permit misrepresentations to find a place in your miscellany, you will subject yourself to more censure, than has fallen from the pen of your friend,

ZAMAR.

In answering to our *friendly* correspondent ZAMAR, we say, that while our first wish is to merit the good will of the ladies; our second will be not to give them cause of complaint.

As we, however, published in our succeeding number, a contradictory statement to that of which he complains, we confess ourselves somewhat at a loss to discover the astonishing error of which he accuses us. Is the sun less brilliant from having been obscured by clouds? Surely, Mr. Zamar, you have been rather precipitate.

THE PLEASURIST.

MINDS that derive all their pleasures from the levity and mirth of promiscuous company, are seldom able to contribute, in any high degree to their own amusement. Characters like these, search every place for entertainment, except their own bosoms, and the bosoms of their surrounding families. The wearied pleasurist, sinking under the weight that preys upon his spirits, flies to scenes of public gaiety, or private splendour, in fond, but vain, expectation, that they will dispel his discontent, and recreate his mind; but he finds, alas! that the fancied assylum affords him no rest. The ever-craving appetite for pastime, always grows by what it feeds on. While he eagerly embraces every object that promises to supply the direful vacancy of his mind, he exhausts its remaining strength; enlarges the wound he is so anxiously endeavouring to heal; and, by too eagerly grasping at the phantom Pleasure, loses, perhaps for ever, the substantial power of being happy.

TO THE
EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Sir,

Having lately had occasion to witness a very unseasonable display of vanity, I cannot forbear sending you a few observations on that subject; not that I suppose they will have any effect on those who are its subjects, but that it may possibly lead some who may have like opportunity to observe it, to consider it in a true and proper light.

In my view there is nothing which makes a person appear so ridiculous as vanity. If there was any thing which the vain man promised himself from the exhibition of such a character, it would be some palliation of his conduct. That there is nothing to be gained by it, must however, be acknowledged by all. The little estimation in which he is universally held, ought to convince him that the object which his vanity aims at, will never be attained. That instead of gaining the approbation and good opinion of those around him, he is constantly losing it. The man who is insufferably vain, must expect also to be insufferably ridiculous, and that which is ridiculous, is of course despicable.—Reason must have resigned her dominion over him, for it is hardly to be supposed, that any one under its influences, should act in such open violation of its dictates. He has only to look round him, to see the contempt in which he is held by others, and thereby become acquainted with his character.—Unfortunately, however, men can seldom be persuaded to consider, impartially what concerns themselves.—The faults of others are early discerned, but it is to our own follies that we are blind. I am persuaded that if such a person could once be brought to a sense of his own feelings, or be induced to trust his actions at the bar of reason, he would not long hesitate to decide upon their merits.—He would then see them in their native garb, stripped of every disguise, and separated from the false gloss of prejudice. In such a case, he could not fail to regard them with abhorrence, and would wonder only, why they had so long deceived him.

I never see a man loud in his own praises, or the praises of his countrymen, but I set him down for a vain fellow. In every little particular of his conduct, you will see his chief aim is to draw attention upon himself. He takes every occasion to display his own knowledge, and most usually begins a conversation on those subjects which nobody pretends to understand but himself. This is a sure sign, not only of a vain man, but of an impertinent. By this he endeavours to evince, not only his own superiority, but the inferiority of others. Such conduct will neither render him respected, or beloved; on the contrary he will be despised and hated.

Vanity is not confined in its effects, to any particular part of a man's conduct, but is seen in all his actions and conversation. It is connected with every thing that concerns him, and will, on every occasion, display itself much to his discredit. It is much to the honour of our countrymen, that so few of this character are found among them. It would be still more so, were the number less.—Notwithstanding this, it should be hunted down—It should be pursued through every degree of it, and not be suffered to shelter itself any where.

C.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

LOVE.

The man who feels the dear disease,
Forgets himself, neglects to please;
The crowd avoids, and seeks the groves,
And much he thinks, when much he loves;
Press'd with alternate hope and fear,
Sighs in her absence, sighs when she's near;
The gay, the fond, the fair, the young,
Those trifles pass unseen along;
To him a pert, insipid throng.
But most he shuns the vain coquette,
Contemns her false, affected wit;
The minstrels sound, the flowing bowl,
Oppress and hurt his generous soul.
'Tis Solitude alone can please,
And give some intervals of ease;
He feeds the soft distemper there,
And fondly courts the distant fair:
To balls the silent shade prefers,
And hates all others charms but her's.
When thus your absent swain shall do,
MAUD, you may then believe him true.

T. C.

"*An infant Worshipper of the Muses,*" asks a counsel of the editor, whether the poetical vein be *worth* indulging, and whether "a child to fame" would *find his account* in a regular series of poetical studies, similar to that recorded to have been followed by POPE. We have no hesitation in warning this young enthusiast against the delusive plausibilities of literary renown. To sell with "grocer profits" an ounce of pepper, *will turn to more account*, than to publish a ream of poetry. To study seven years:—to pass sleepless nights, till candles dwindle to their sockets, and "Lamps teach light to counterfeit a gloom;"—"to outwatch the bear with thrice great Hermes;" to run with restless solicitude from book to book;

. . . . . "*to pine,*
Look pale, and all the season taste no wine,"

with a view of becoming an author by profession, is a project of no less flattering promise, than to establish a mission for the civilization of tygers, or to found an academy of the sciences in the jungles of the Sunderbunds.

[*Calcutta Post.*

DISSEMBLING.

KNOWLEDGE, wisdom, erudition, arts, and elegance, what are they, but the mere trappings of the mind, if they do not serve to increase the happiness of the possessor? A mind, rightly instituted in the school of philosophy, acquires at once, the stability of the oak, and the flexibility of the osier. The truest manner of lessening our agonies, is to shrink from their pressure, is to confess that we feel them.

The fortitude of sages is but a dream; for where lies the merit in being insensible to the strokes of fortune, or in dissembling our sensibility? If we are insensible, that arises only from a happy constitution; that is a blessing previously granted by Heaven, and which no part can procure, no institutions improve. If we dissemble our feelings, we only artificially endeavour to persuade others that we enjoy privileges which we actually do not possess. Thus, while we endeavour to appear happy, we feel at once, all the pangs of eternal misery, and all the self reproaching consciousness of endeavouring to deceive.

Goldsmith.

CHARACTERS.

I know a woman of fashion, who is perpetually employed in remarks upon the weather, who observes from morning to noon, that it is likely to rain, and from noon to night, that it spits, that it milses, that it is set in for a wet evening; and, being incapable of any other discourse, is as insipid a companion, and just as pedantic, as he who quotes Aristotle over his tea, or talks Greek at a card-table.

Another of whom I shall speak, is a stripling who spends his whole life in a fencing-school. This athletic young pedant is, indeed, a most formidable creature: his whole conversation lies in *Quart* and *Tierce;* if you meet him in the street, he salutes you in the gymnastic manner, throws himself back upon his left hip, levels his cane at the foot of your stomach, and looks as fierce as a prize fighter. In the midst of a discourse upon politics, he starts from the table on a sudden, and spilts himself into a monstrous lounge against the wainscot; immediately he puts a foil into your hand, insists upon teaching you his murthering thrust, and if, in the course of his instruction, he pushes out an eye, or a fore tooth, he tells you that you *flap'd your point, or drop'd your wrist*, and imputes all the mischief to the awkwardness of the pupil.

FANCY.

FANCY has a more important operation in life, than we are are apt to believe. The enthusiasm which constitutes the grander passions, is founded on *illusion;* stripped of the glowing colour in which fancy decks them, what are the objects for which ambition wades through seas of blood, for which martyrs, in all causes, for all opinions, braving destruction, press forward to the scaffold or the stake? The strength of the passion, Love, depends principally on the imagination of the person upon whom it operates, that sketching a grand, ideal picture, fondly attaches itself to fancied excellence, frequently associated by slight accidents to the real qualities of its object.

Who can listen without restraint while an important thing is telling, can keep a secret when told.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

Saturday, August 23.

WHILE we acknowledge the politeness of many of our friends at a distance, in remitting the amount due for the present volume of our work, others, where we are without an agent, will, we hope, consider us worhy of our hire—and by forwarding each his mite, afford us the pleasing assurance that our endeavours have not proved unacceptable.

Mr Cooper having finished his engagement at Petersburgh, where he played six nights, and, as the papers inform us, to crouded houses, and with his usual success, heat and drought notwithstanding, was to have left that place, so as to begin last evening, the 18th, the same round at Richmond. After that he returns here, and if no sinister accident intervenes, opens the theatre the middle of September. *E. Post.*

LIVERPOOL, JUNE 25.

A rumour of a supposed deviation from conjugal duty in a fair personage of high and distinguished rank in the state, has for some days past prevailed. We are now informed on an enquiry instituted by authority, and conducted by individuals among the most respectable in character, and the highest station, there has not been found any ground for the slightest imputation on the character of the beautiful and distinguished personage thus cruelly aspersed. Any legal proceedings that may have been designed in consequence, must of course be abandoned, and at least for a time, the object of such proceedings. We have not heard whether the respectable and honourable persons who conducted the enquiry, have traced the infamous falsehood to its original source; though we should imagine that from the channel through which the information came to them, they could not be at a loss for means to do so. It is, we think, an indispensable duty in them, as it must be the only complete satisfaction to the high character, whose happiness, and with that of the state, was supposed to been wounded, to pursue the chain from person to person, till the original author of the mischief is brought to light and to punishment. We are rejoiced to learn, that the fair exalted personage, who has been so conspicuously and so eminently pure, with so much provocation to be otherwise, not satisfied with the determination of the investigators of her conduct, "that there was not the slightest ground to impeach it," has come to a resolution to demand, and insist upon a more regular and more satisfactory investigation. We rejoice in a determination so worthy of the highest virtues, and high station of the illustrious person so wrongfully and so wickedly accused. If Cæsar would not have had his wife suspected, it becomes a wife worthy of Caesar, not to suffer herself to be so. We are certain the result will be to her honour, and to the confusion of her calumniators.

LONDON PARAGRAPHS.

The peace offerings made by European Powers, to the Pirates of Barbary, resemble the sacrifice of Negroes to Devils—not to bring down blessings, but to deprecate curses.

There is now hanging on a tree in a garden belonging to the Earl of Warwick, at Turnham green, apples of the last year's growth, as perfect as they were last September. What renders the appearance more curious, is their hanging surrounded by those of the present season.

Moody, the actor, who has seen four score years in this *comical* world, has lately taken to himself another wife, and theatrically cut down *Marriage a la Mode*, to a—*farce!*

An American bookseller has published an edition of the Common Prayer Book, with this notice, "that the matrimonial article is printed in *large* letters, for the use of *old* Ladies."

Pio Clanchettini, a boy only six years old, has made his appearance at the theatre of the Empress, at Paris, as a first rate musician.

It is with much pleasure we are enabled so confirm the account lately mentioned in some of the papers, concerning the escape of Mrs. Spencer Smith, from the French, letters having been received from that lady herself, dated Prague, June 6, announcing her return for her country, by the way of Russia.

The frailty of a young Peeress, and the consequent departure of her Paramour from this country, are now the topics of general conversation in this city.—Lord ——— is said to be inconsolable for the double misfortune of losing the affections of his lady, and owing that loss to the misconduct of his most intimate friend. [*Dublin Even. Post.*

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CALLED,

LEONORA.

The work is handsomely printed, comprising the two volumes of the English edition.

The popular Tales and other works of Miss Edgeworth, have already gained her the high estimation of the public. She HERE undertakes a species of writing she had never before attempted. From her present production, her literary reputation derives no inconsiderable accession. The style of this novel possesses a peculiar felicity of diction. It combines vivacity, elegance, and energy; nor is the design entitled to less commendation This work displays and refutes the Latitudinarian principles which certain pretended philosophers have of late attempted to introduce into the *fashionable* female world. Few Novels have a stronger tendency to promote correct opinions, and the cause of virtue: none can boast of a stile more polished or attractive.

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Weathercock	Allingham.
Lock and Key	Hoare.
Honest Thieves	Knight.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

Saturday, August 23.

WHILE we acknowledge the politeness of many of our friends at a distance, in remitting the amount due for the present volume of our work, others, where we are without an agent, will, we hope, consider us worhy of our hire—and by forwarding each his mite, afford us the pleasing assurance that our endeavours have not proved unacceptable.

—

Mr Cooper having finished his engagement at Petersburgh, where he played six nights, and, as the papers inform us, to crouded houses, and with his usual success, heat and drought notwithstanding, was to have left that place, so as to begin last evening, the 18th, the same round at Richmond. After that he returns here, and if no sinister accident intervenes, opens the theatre the middle of September. *E. Post.*

LIVERPOOL, JUNE 25.

A rumour of a supposed deviation from conjugal duty in a fair personage of high and distinguished rank in the state, has for some days past prevailed. We are now informed on an enquiry instituted by authority, and conducted by individuals among the most respectable in character, and the highest station, there has not been found any ground for the slightest imputation on the character of the beautiful and distinguished personage thus cruelly aspersed. Any legal proceedings that may have been designed in consequence, must of course be abandoned, and at least for a time, the object of such proceedings. We have not heard whether the respectable and honourable persons who conducted the enquiry, have traced the infamous falsehood to its original source; though we should imagine that from the channel through which the information came to them, they could not be at a loss for means to do so. It is, we think, an indispensable duty in them, as it must be the only complete satisfaction to the high character, whose happiness, and with that of the state, was supposed to been wounded, to pursue the chain from person to person, till the original author of the mischief is brought to light and to punishment. We are rejoiced to learn, that the fair exalted personage, who has been so conspicuously and so eminently pure, with so much provocation to be otherwise, not satisfied with the determination of the investigators of her conduct, "that there was not the slightest ground to impeach it," has come to a resolution to demand, and insist upon a more regular and more satisfactory investigation. We rejoice in a determination so worthy of the highest virtues, and high station of the illustrious person so wrongfully and so wickedly accused. If Cæsar would not have had his wife suspected, it becomes a wife worthy of Caesar, not to suffer herself to be so. We are certain the result will be to her honour, and to the confusion of her calumniators.

LONDON PARAGRAPHS.

The peace offerings made by European Powers, to the Pirates of Barbary, resemble the sacrifice of Negroes to Devils—not to bring down blessings, but to deprecate curses.

There is now hanging on a tree in a garden belonging to the Earl of Warwick, at Turnham green, apples of the last year's growth, as perfect as they were last September. What renders the appearance more curious, is their hanging surrounded by those of the present season.

Moody, the actor, who has seen four score years in this *comical* world, has lately taken to himself another wife, and theatrically cut down *Marrirge a la Mode*, to a—*farce!*

An American bookseller has published an edition of the Common Prayer Book, with this notice, "that the matrimonial article is printed in *large* letters, for the use of *old* Ladies."

Pio Clanchettini, a boy only six years old, has made his appearance at the theatre of the Empress, at Paris, as a first rate musician.

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ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

OR, THE ROSE AND STRAWBERY. A FABLE.

Young women! dont be so fond of killing.
Too well I know your hearts' unwilling
To hide beneath the veil a charm—
Too pleas'd a sparkling eye to roll,
And with a neck to thrill the soul
Of every swain with love's alarm.
Yet, yet if prudence be not near,
Its snow may melt into a tear.

The dimpled smile and pouting lip,
Where little Cupids nectar sip,
Are very pretty lures I own:
But, ah! if prudence be not nigh,
Those lips where all the Cupids lie,
May give a passage to a groan.

A Rose, in all the pride of bloom,
Flinging around her rich perfume,
Amidst the summer's golden glow,
Peep'd on a strawbery below,
Beneath a leaf in secret blushing.

"Miss Strawberry," exclaim'd the Rose,
"What's beauty that no mortal knows?
What is a charm if never seen?
You really are a pretty creature:
Then wherefore hide each blooming feature?
Come up, and shew your modest mein."

"Miss Rose," the Strawberry replied,
"I never did possess a pride,
That wish'd to dash the public eye:
Indeed I own I am afraid—
I think there's safety in the shade;
Ambition causes many a sigh."

"Go, simple child," the rose rejoin'd,
"See how I wanton in the wind:
I feel no danger's dread alarms:
And then observe the god of day,
How amourous with his golden ray,
To pay his visit to my charmes."

No sooner said but with a scream,
She started from her favorite theme—
A clown had on her fix'd his pat:
In vain she screech'd, Hob did but smile,
Rubb'd with her leaves his nose awhile,
Then bluntly stuck her in his hat.

VARIETY

From grave to gay, from lively to severe....POPE.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

The following is the opinion of a late ingenuous writer concerning the fraternity of people called QUAKERS.

What is familiar and near to us, excites little scrutiny and investigation:—but the time may come, when a wise legislature will condescend to enquire by what means a whole society (in both the old and new world) is made to act and think in uniformity, for upwards of a century: by what policy, without emolument, they had become the only people free from poverty: by what economy they have thus prevented beggary and want among their members—while the nation growns under the weight of taxes for the poor. They are industrious, modest, intelligent, and virtuous people, animated with the most beneficial principles. They have a comprehensive charity to all mankind, and deny the mercies of God to none: they publicly aver that an universal liberty is due to all; are against inquisitions of every kind, though they patiently submit to many themselves; and are, perhaps, the only people, of all mankind, whose practise *(as a body)* corresponds with their principles.

Ill-natured witticisms are often reported upon those who make use of them.—Madam de * * *, who was famous for her bon mots, was attacked by a young petit-maitre of high rank, with this question,—"Pray madam was not that fine gown given you by a gallant? "No my little fellow," replied the lady; "you think that you are talking to your mother."

A preacher, in a sermon on repentance, in which he insisted that actions, and not tears and pious exclamations, were the signs of a sincere repentance, concluded with this illustrative apologue:—A bird catcher having caught his prey, used to kill them by strangling them. In this action he happened one day to hurt his finger, and shed tears in consequence.—See, says a young bird, he shews signs of pity upon us. Do not mind his weeping eyes, replied an old bird, look at his bloody hands.

*VERSES**

Written in consequence of the author's being reproached for not weeping over the dead body of a female friend.

BY A. PASQUIN, ESQ.

Cold drops the tear which blazons common woe;
What callous rock retains its crystal rill?
Ne'er will the softened mould its liquid show:
Deep sink the waters that are smooth and still.

Ah! when sublimely agoniz'd I stood,
And Memory gave her beauteous frame a sigh;
While Feeling triumph'd in my hearts warm flood;
Grief drank the offering ere it reach'd the eye!

* This little instance of refined sentiment has been translated into German, by Klopstock; into Italian, by count Savelli, of Corsica; and into French, by count Joseph Augustus De Maccarthy.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping of our desires; is like *cutting off our feet when we want shoes.*

He, who confident of being right, can check his anger at the effrontery of unjust claims, calmly produces his vouchers, and leave them to speak for themselves, is more than a just man.

There are actions, sentiments, manners, speechees; there is a silence of such magnitude, energy, decision—as to be singly worth a whole life of some men. He who has these features, never *can* act meanly—all his actions, words, writings, however to appearance ambiguous, must be stamped by their superior energy.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good, and whose enemies are characters decidedly bad.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM....PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY.

THOSE WHO RECEIVE IT BY MAIL, TO PAY IN ADVANCE.

PRINTED & PUBLISHED
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